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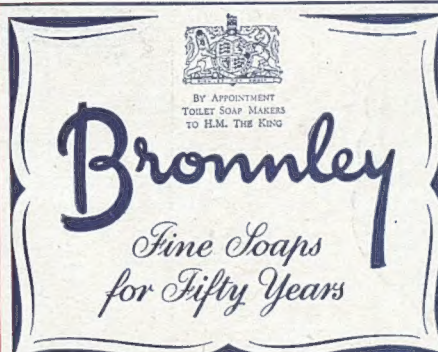
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LONDON

APRIL 3, 1946

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Bertram Park

Mrs. Frank D'Abreu: A Cousin of the Queen

Mrs. Frank D'Abreu was formerly Miss Margaret Ann Bowes-Lyon. She is the younger daughter of Major the Hon. Patrick Bowes-Lyon, uncle of H.M. The Queen, and married in June last year Lieut.-Colonel Frank A. D'Abreu, Ch.M., F.R.C.S. (late R.A.M.C.). A son was born to Colonel and Mrs. D'Abreu at the Westminster Hospital on the 17th of last month



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

REPETITION has never spoiled for me the pleasure of crossing a frontier, of passing from one country to the next. That pleasure recaptured us a few days since when we crossed to what in strict international law is not, I believe, a foreign country, but still a dominion of His Majesty—Eire. Nevertheless, it is something to be called on for passports, to suffer a customs examination even at your exit from Holyhead. Women semi-officials, half-hysterical with importance, fight their way through the docile queues. Amiable customs officers chant a litany of articles whose export, for a wonder, is not encouraged. Alas! You do not carry with you jewellery worth more than £300. A smell of sweating pipes and the gulls keening over a garbage-chute. Then the largest, and certainly one of the hardest steaks you have ever fought with, set down before you in the Hibernia's saloon.

The aspect of the Irish countryside, with its cabins and its Gothic ruins, the very shape and colour of the Irish face seem so far from England, it is always something of a shock to find our railway station advertisements strayed across the St. George's Channel—the same insistence upon cold cures, hot condiments to heighten the taste of food cooked to the tasteless point, and the same remedies against indigestion, in the provoking of which the condiments themselves have no doubt played a respectable part. You catch your first glimpse of O'Connell Street's modern side, where as a boy you had last seen a jumble of burning debris, after the 1922 troubles; the belted raincoats hurrying around you, evoke all the tragic menace of O'Flaherty's "Informer." Then a box of English Christmas crackers, pistachio green and silver—the kind of cracker

that we never see nowadays, but goes entirely for export—reminds you that of recent years we have been the brawling ones, and the Irish the peaceable.

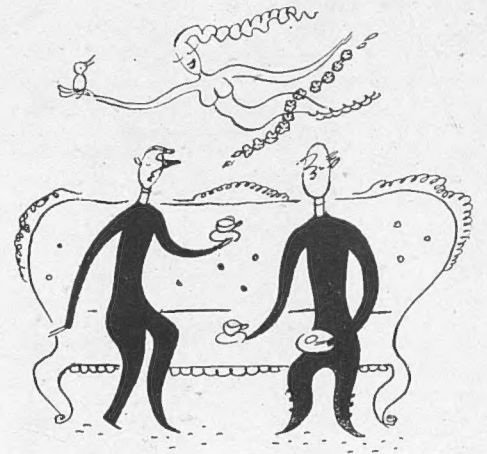
For a time the possibility of eating steak and *œufs cocotte à la crème* in one meal, of *sauce Béarnaise* and smoked salmon goes to one's head. But we had received warning of how after years of lean commons, the plenty of Dublin could quickly turn your stomach. By the second morning, R. could take no more than coffee and toast for breakfast. And the visual plenty of the shops after a few hours of window-gazing tended no less to fatigue the eye. Silk stockings from Cork or Venezuela, Chesterfield cigarettes, eau-de-Cologne and barricades of lipstick, men's suits made to order in a week, "Eggs are Cheap," "We have Plenty of Meat," lace fans that called for "Laughing Eyes" above a blouse with a high starched collar, for eyes no brighter than the bright eyes of the fish in the Grafton Street fishmongers—fish which after years of our zoning scheme seem as fresh as jewels. . . .

The cinemas "feature" the recent mass enthronement of cardinals in Rome. In a fight against the Wurlitzer, that has all one's sympathy, they put on before the big film sheepish platoons of young men in scarfs, young women in tomato skirts, to dance Irish reels and sing sentimental ballads about whose trite and mawkish verses the silver ghost of eighteenth-century Anglo-Irish speech still lingers. When in *The Lost Weekend* Mr. Ray Milland delivers his superb warning against the bottle, a tea-drinking audience dozes in wondering silence, rousing itself only to giggle at the sight of the heroine getting out of bed.

THE newspapers are principally concerned with a cardinal's death, or the trial of somebody accused of buying sovereigns. Nobody quite knew whether the Russians were advancing to the capture of Teheran, or merely had turned out to cope with agricultural pests. From the comfort of New York, Mr. Churchill with no pangs of conscience assured us that war is not imminent. The toy shops of Dublin invite Irish children to "Make Your Own Atom Bomb." As I write these words, Russian troops for all I know may be in Teheran and across the Turkish border. Even if we had a paper, we would be forced to search in its obscurest corner for news of the outside world.

If St. Petersburg were the north-eastern outpost of Augustan Europe, Dublin was the north-western. And at these two extremities flourished splendours hardly to be found nearer the centre. At first sight of course, you think those splendours were a mere fable. Civic dirt has turned the Georgian brickwork to an uncomfortable blood-orange; from above

a thousand classical doorways the fanlights have vanished, and plate-glass glares at you through dead, dirty eyes. The Dublin, I thought, of Malton's "Picturesque View," with its neat ladies out of Heidelberg's "Gallery of Fashion," seemed to have gone for ever. Even Gandon's noble façade on the Bank of Ireland is obscured by scaffolding. Then looking from a Ruskinian window of the



Kildare Street Club I saw a house whose brickwork had been cleaned and repointed. At once one was back in Malton's world, in a graceful city of white paint and pearly pink brick, which can hold its own almost with Vicenza, and far surpasses the few graceful corners of London which remain.

A friend no less erudite than enthusiastic revealed to us the hidden beauties of Henrietta Street, below Gandon's graceful King's Inn, the baroque exuberance of Mr. Moss's chapel in the Hospital of the Rotunda, and the rococo fantasies of Dominick Street. There is a sort of Neapolitan tragedy about these streets of noble houses—ghosts out of that brilliant Dublin of "The Dean," of the Mornington musical parties, and of the lovely Pamela Fitzgerald. Such houses as remain are generally the property of the religious. Beneath a ceiling riotous with birds, and monkeys and nymphs who turn into scrolls on an impulse, an oleograph Saviour staggers under His Cross. The walls thick with paint, whose colours even the Sisters deplore, are, however, at least spotless and well preserved. In the dormitories run by the Church as hostels for ill-paid girl Civil Servants, the eiderdowns are curled most strangely like cats upon the iron bedsteads. From where perhaps once had darkly gleamed a bandit landscape of Magnasco, among pilasters and garlands, S. Ignatius Loyola now

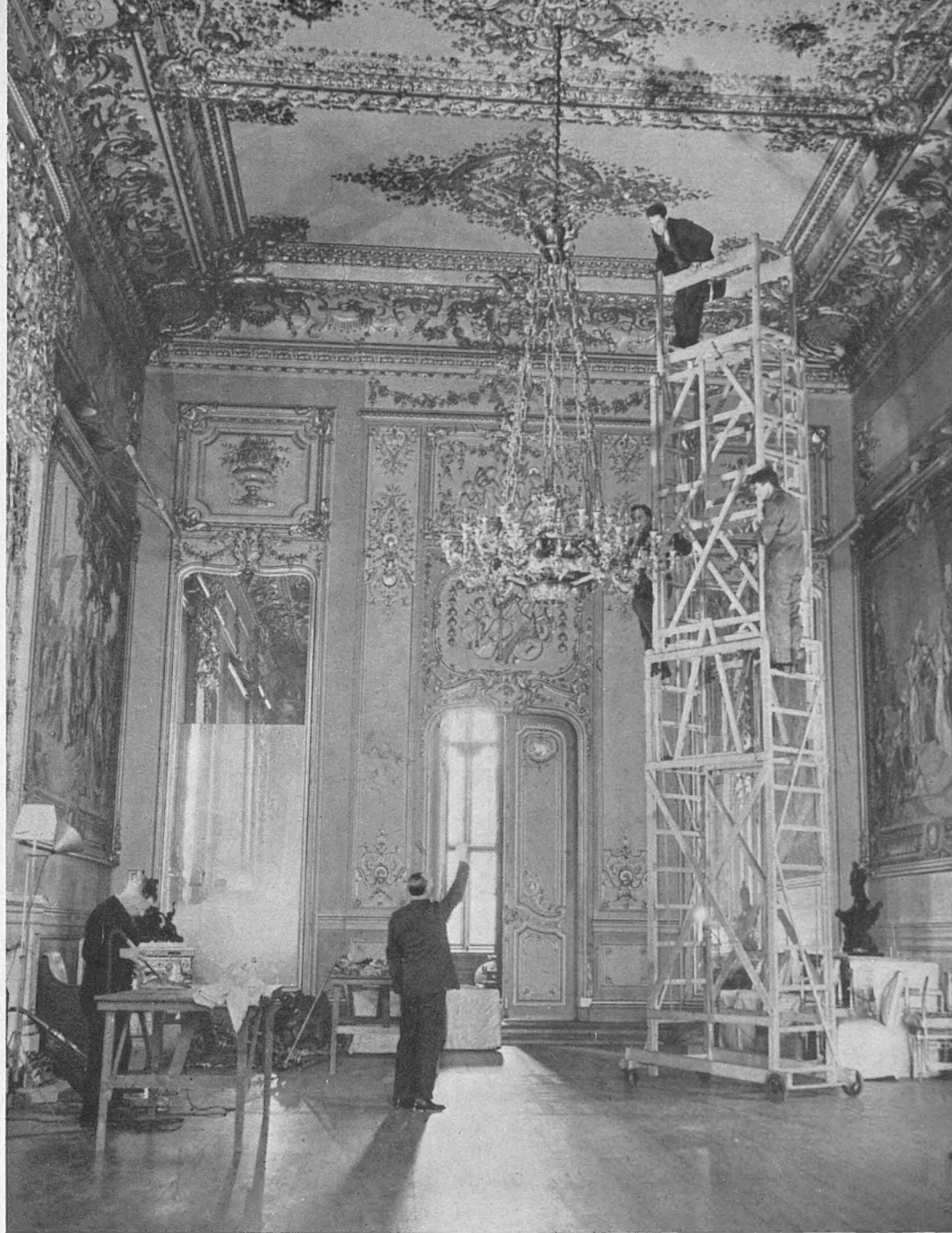


looks sternly down. Above the tragic, bare but clean little beds of foundlings, a feather-brained Diana drives out her chariot for a morning's hunt. . . .

CHARLES GANDON, perhaps the greatest Architect of Georgian Dublin, builder of the Four Courts and the Customs House, has for many reasons always been a favourite of mine. His buildings are the first to strike the eye of any traveller to Dublin who cares for good architecture. And for me he possesses a special interest, since one of my ancestors was his close friend and patron. But I am bound to say that Gandon's place in my affections has now been usurped by Robert West, plasterer and master builder, who flourished in Dublin during the last two-thirds of the eighteenth century.

Not much is yet known about West, save that he came from a family who had given members to the Dublin Plasterers Guild already in the seventeenth century. The earliest of his work I have so far seen is in the chapel of the Rotunda. There he is not yet self-confident; or perhaps he is dominated by his Flemish master. Only in Dominick Street, or in a wonderful house on St. Stephen's Green does he really begin to display his genius. I use the word "genius" advisedly. West, so far as I can see, was a genius of the first water. A hand far more erudite than mine will shortly publish a monograph upon him. Meanwhile, I can only say that in my limited estimation he was perhaps the outstanding rococo plasterer of the eighteenth century. I can recall nothing along the banks of the Brenta, nothing in Bavaria, nothing in Paris, and quite certainly nothing in England which can compare with the pyrotechnic beauties of his hall at No. 20 Dominick Street, or some of his ceilings on St. Stephen's Green. He excelled in the deft use of birds, strange half-oriental birds, out of Pillement's brain perhaps, or off Thomas Chippendale's mirrors—birds which with a whirl of their tails fly out of the walls at you and back again. Seated now on an island, with driving mist obscuring the crags above us, and a kitchen full of drowsy tortoises, I can still hear the rustle of West's birds, or the conversation of the nymphs on the ceiling of the house next door—a house no less exquisite in an earlier style—the work of the Franchini brothers, one of those hardworking, inspired families of Italian craftsmen who added so much to the amenities of our ancestors' lives.

We have been starved for many years not only of sugar, meat and cooking fats. Robert West and the Franchini brothers have set me up for a long time to come. . . .



Restoring Windsor Castle

After the Wear and Tear of Six Years of War

For six years Windsor Castle has been stripped of many of its treasures. Although it was the permanent home of the Royal Family all the priceless paintings and valuable objects of art were stored away. Now the castle requires a great deal of renovating, which is no easy task in these days of shortage and austerity. The work is done under the supervision of Mr. Stanley Williams, M.V.O., the Superintendent of Windsor Castle.

This picture is of the Grand Reception Room in the State departments. From the ground, Mr. F. W. Dawkins, Chief Metalsmith, gives instructions to his men on the tall mobile ladder, as they examine one of the huge chandeliers for breakages.

On either side of the walls are two of the set of the six Gobelin tapestry panels. They are late eighteenth century and tell the story of Jason and Medea. The cream walls and ceilings are decorated with gold encrustations, while the ceilings of several of the rooms in the state apartments were decorated by Antonio Verrio under the direction of Charles II.

As early as the time of Heptarchy a stronghold of some importance existed at Windsor, the great mound, which is moated, is a remnant of this period. According to a legend quoted by the chronicler Froissart, it was on the summit of this

mound that King Arthur used to sit surrounded by his Knights of the Round Table. William the Conqueror attracted by the forest as a hunting preserve obtained the land by exchange from Westminster Abbey, to whom Edward the Confessor had given it. Ever since, the castle has been the chief residence of the English sovereigns. The first complete round tower was built by Henry III about 1272, and Edward III reconstructed it on a larger scale about seventy years later to form a meeting place for his newly established Order of Knights of the Garter. The meetings of the Order of the Garter are still held in St. George's Hall in the State apartments.

The political history of Windsor has centred round its castle ever since Norman times, and it has been the scene of many dramatic and often tragic happenings.

The castle was bestowed by Richard I on Hugh, Bishop of Durham, and in the next year was treacherously seized by Prince John and only surrendered after a siege. It was a centre of activity in the baron's war in 1261, and during the Civil War of the seventeenth century the castle was garrisoned for the Parliament. In 1648, it became the prison of Charles I, who spent his last Christmas within its walls, and was buried in St. George's Chapel without service the following year.

James Agat

AT THE PICTURES

Trying to Help

MR. PETER ETON of the B.B.C. informs me that on Wednesday, April 17, a three-quarter hour programme entitled "Film Magazine" will be started in the Light Programme. His letter outlines the present intentions of this programme and suggests that the film critic of the *Tatler* might like to comment on them. Here are the intentions in outline:

- (a) Music and song.
- (b) Dramatic and humorous excerpts from old and new films (either studio reconstructions with original artists or sound track).
- (c) Interviews with film personalities or visits behind the scenes in any branch of the industry.
- (d) Information and criticism (criticism will not be made by the usual type of broadcasting journalist but preferably by people who pay to see pictures of their own choosing).

Here, then, are my comments:

- (a) It depends upon what music and what songs.
- (b) O.K. by me. But let them go carefully with the humorous excerpts since occasional listening-in to radio drama suggests that while the unseen dramatic is not very striking the unseen humorous can be desperately unfunny.
- (c) The less film personalities have to say the better. If they can act all well and good, nobody wants to hear about it. If they can't act their chatter is an impertinence. With regard to visits behind the scenes I stand by Hazlitt's: "Oh! while I live, let me not be admitted to an actor's dressing-room. Let me not see how Cato painted, or how Caesar combed! Let me not meet the prompt-boys in the passage, nor see the half-lighted candles stuck against the bare walls, nor hear the creaking of machines, or the fiddlers laughing; nor see a Columbine practising a pirouette in sober sadness, nor Mr. Grimaldi's face drop from mirth to sudden melancholy as he passes the side-scene, as if a shadow crossed it, nor witness the long-chinned generation of the pantomime sit twirling their thumbs, nor overlook the fellow who holds the candle for the moon in the scene between Lorenzo and Jessica! Spare me this insight into secrets I am not bound to know. The stage is not a mistress that we are sworn to undress."
- (d) All information is good provided it is accurate. No criticism is of value unless it is informed. On the other hand to talk ignorantly about the plays and pictures one has paid to see is a human foible, and if Mr. Smith of Pudsey doesn't want to hear the opinions of Mr. Jones of Bootle he can always switch the damned thing off.

Mr. Eton gives me a further list of suggestions with the same invitation to comment:

- (a) Special item for provincial cinema-goers.
- (b) A "letter-box" to receive sensible queries and suggestions for improving films.
- (c) A musicians' corner where latest film music can be played and discussed.
- (d) Occasional item for the children with the accent on sound cartoon films.
- (e) A film Brains Trust in which the film people meet the customers and talk frankly with them about the difficulties of their job.
- (f) Excerpts from popular old films that people want to hear again for various interesting reasons.

And I comment:

- (a) Why? What is good for the provinces should be good for the suburbs since there are no films which are seen in one and not the other.
- (b) Excellent.
- (c) In the hope of breeding some more Warsaw Concertos?
- (d) In my view the kids will loathe it. When I was a nipper what I wanted to see were young women in tights.
- (e) Very doubtful about this. The business of any art is to conquer its difficulties and not chatter about them.
- (f) Good.

The Corn Is Green (Warner) was the best of Emylyn Williams's early plays. It told a simple little story about how a noble-minded woman—who incidentally wasn't a fool—decided to bring education to a remote Welsh mining village. Discovering a genius, she grasped her nettle and brought it to flower, fruit, or whatever it is that nettles do. The evening, as I remember, belonged to Dame Sybil Thorndike, who gave one of the sincerest and tenderest performances of her career. The simplicity of the story threw the spectator into a mood of willing make-believe, from which he needed to make very occasional sorties to admire this bit of pathos pressed home but not too far home, and the skirting of that bit of bathos, which, ever round the corner, never arrived. I am afraid, however, that the play doesn't quite come off as a film because there is too little reason why it should be a film. And I certainly don't care for Bette Davis, my favourite film actress, in the part which Dame Sybil filled so grandly. The English actress made one feel that she wanted a son; the American one suggests that what she really wants is something husky to cuddle up against. Perhaps I am wrong. Indeed I must be wrong, judging by Lejeune who writes: "I do not think I have ever seen Bette Davis more magnificently fitted with a part than she is here. She takes it firmly, easily, without tricks, and makes a full woman of her school-mistress." Perhaps all that happened when I was asleep. But not so fast asleep that I failed to catch a bit of somebody's best prose: "I have worn my fingers to the bone knocking my brains against a stone wall."

THE programme at this house contains a remarkable documentary entitled *Hitler Lives?* This shows how the Herrenvolk spirit sprang up under Bismarck, flourished under the Kaiser, and came to full growth in the last war. How misty-eyed sentimentalists in this country and in America are still talking about German culture and pretending that the Nazi spirit is a mere aberration not characteristic of a gentle and peace-loving race. The film shows frightening glimpses of the horrors perpetrated by these charming people, and is issued as a warning against the fourth war for which all these Schubertians and Schillerites are known to be preparing. Obviously the only remedy is re-education. And how to do that? Here is my remedy. Print seventy million copies weekly of the *New Statesman*, and post one to every German over the age of three.

Above: John Dall, who plays Morgan Evans the brilliant young miner who wants to go to Oxford. Below: Joan Lorring as Bessie Watty the sly little Cockney who leads Morgan so devastatingly astray in "*The Corn Is Green*"



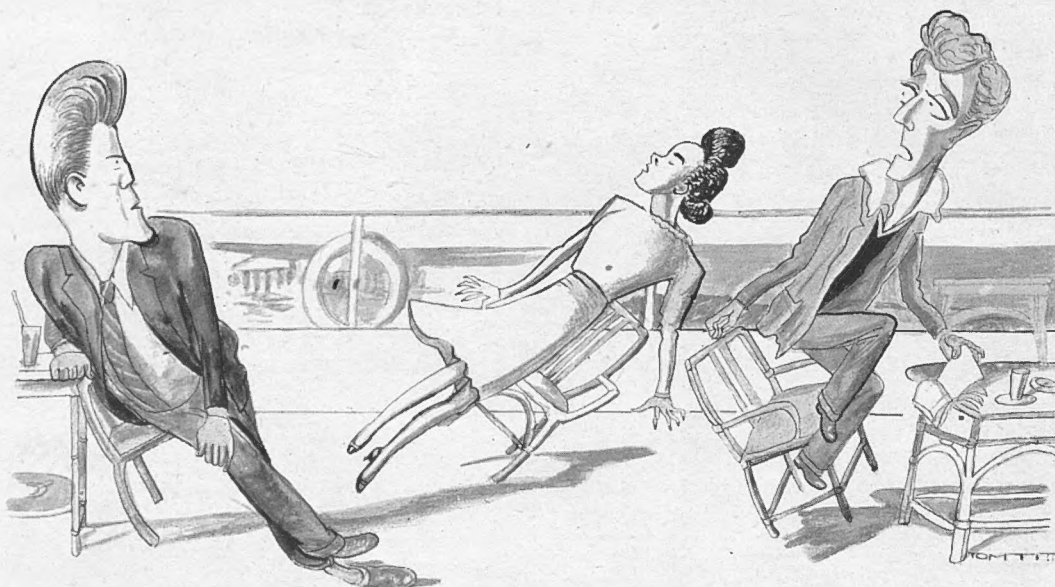
"... and when I walk in the night I can touch with my hands where the corn is green ..."

Bette Davis as Miss Moffat in "The Corn Is Green"

Bette Davis adds yet another role to her succession of fine character performances as the English schoolmistress, Miss Moffat, who comes from London to live in a small Welsh village in a house she has recently inherited. Appalled by the ignorance and poverty of the inhabitants, she determines to launch an educational programme in the village. She turns her house into a schoolroom, and finds among her pupils a gifted young miner, Morgan Evans (John Dall). In two years Morgan has progressed so rapidly that Miss Moffat feels he is eligible to apply for a scholarship for Oxford. The boy, however, rebels against her authority, and has an affair with Miss Moffat's Cockney housekeeper's daughter, Bessie (Joan Lorrington). As he is about to take the Oxford examination, Bessie announces she is to have a child. Morgan feels he must give up everything and marry her, but Miss Moffat persuades him to go on with his career, and makes plans to adopt the child herself.

Sketches by
Tom Tilt

Simon Mostyn (Ivan Brandt), the rich woman's husband, Louise (Jacqueline Robert), the French maid and second victim, and Smith (Ronald Miller), the Socialist peer



The Theatre

"Murder on the Nile" (Ambassadors)

CROSSWORD puzzles are rarely notable for a suggestion of warm humanity or for their humorousness. They succeed none the less in corrugating the brows and passing the time of a great public; and the new Agatha Christie play, though the characters are only walking clues changing colour as effortlessly as a chameleon and there is little incidental fun, is warranted to serve the same end for a smaller but still considerable public. The more lordly crossword puzzle solvers do not, I believe, bother their brains with anagrams, and it is a tribute to the author's ingenuity that only two out of her nine characters can be considered anagrams.

MISS FOLLIOU-FFOULKES, the lady from Mount Street played with icy perfection by Miss Helen Haye, is altogether too much of a snob to soil her hands with the murder of any of her fellow passengers on the Nile paddle-steamer. She can scarcely bring herself to admit the existence of most of them. She is high and dry above suspicion; and so is her niece, such a nice jolly Scots lass that we can believe that she would fall in love with an uncouth young man called Smith and be quite angry with him when he turns out to be a seventh Viscount. But the rest of the characters are all clues. Perhaps the puzzle's chief beauty is the apparent simplicity with which the first false (or is it the true?) trail is laid. Kay (Miss Rosemary Scott), one of the world's richest women, is on her honeymoon, but she cannot shake off Jacqueline (beautifully played by Miss Vivienne Bennett), the old school friend from whom she has snatched her husband. Jacqueline is out to ruin the honeymoon, and she carries a revolver. There is on the steamer a High Anglican parson, a genial man of the world who knows everybody from China to Peru and is always ready with eloquent advice. With all Mr. David Horne's rich plausibility he tries to persuade Jacqueline from pursuing her pestering campaign. But having failed he shows himself to be oddly disconcerted when his attempt to levy charitable blackmail on Kay reveals to him that the heiress is no less close-fisted and shrewd than her notorious father. The husband at once makes it clear that he, for

his part, has no head for figures and never reads legal documents he is asked to sign. We detect a gleam of speculation in the worldly priest's reflective gaze, and he suggests to the heiress that perhaps their business can wait till the morrow. And obviously never will she that morrow see! Yes, but there is also a foreign doctor whose people Kay's father has cruelly exploited.

ANYWAY, Jacqueline that very night devotes herself to brandy and becomes extremely offensive to her false lover. The revolver goes off; her lover escapes with a painful flesh wound; Jacqueline bursts into a flood of contrite tears; the foreign doctor gives her a sleeping draught; and news comes that Kay is lying dead in her cabin with a bullet through her temple. The parson, apparently an amateur detective at heart, at once takes charge, but his elaborate theories and scientific calculations are rudely interrupted by a young Communist who roundly accuses him of having killed Kay in order that he may fleece the easy-going husband. In a play of this sort it is practically impossible for one character to accuse another without drawing a measure of suspicion on himself. It is possible that the Communist, like the foreign doctor, has an ancient grudge against the girl's father. Suddenly, a great cloud of suspicion envelopes Kay's French maid and when the heart-broken husband takes her in hand nothing that she says dispels the cloud. Still in the midst of the cloud, she is shot dead, and that is that. If she did not kill her mistress, who did?

A QUITE pleasant evening may be spent revolving this question. Of course your whole pleasure may be spoiled by a wild guess which happens to be right; but the truly impassioned solver of theatrical puzzles scorns wild guesses. He plays the game, follows each clue to its dead end and picks up a fresh one with unabated, indeed with heightened zest. And whoever on this occasion plays the game thus and watches the action with the eye of an owl watching a haystack for mice will discover in the end that the whole thing hangs together.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Dr. Bessner (Hugo Schuster), an excitable foreigner, Miss Folliot-foulkes (Helen Haye), a most excessively cultured lady from Mount Street, and her Scottish niece, Christina (Joanna Derrill)



Father Borrowdale (David Horne), who solves the murder with the efficiency of an amateur sleuth, and Jacqueline de Severac (Vivienne Bennett), a deeply wronged woman with murderous tendencies

Sean O'Casey's "Red Roses for Me"

● *Red Roses for Me* comes to the Lyric, Hammersmith, on April 9th for four weeks. It opened at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage, and was an instantaneous success. With the exception of Tristan Rawson, who plays the Protestant Rector, the cast of *Red Roses for Me* is an all-Irish one, and two-thirds of them have been at the Gate, Abbey and Gaiety theatres in Dublin. The story is of an Irish labourer, whose social idealism is stronger than the love of life and of the girl who loves him. He throws away his life in a strike for a shilling a week, because in the shilling he sees the hope for a new world. The part of the idealistic labourer is played by Kieron O'Hanrahan

Left:

Ayamonn: "Here you are in my arms safe and sure and lovely"

Ayamonn (Kieron O'Hanrahan) and Sheila, his sweetheart (Maureen Pook), snatch a brief moment together amid the turmoil of the Breydons' household



Rector: "I can hardly bear to look upon the same thing twice"

The Rector (Tristan Rawson) contemplates the unhappy spectacle of flower-women and loungers in the gloomy Dublin streets beside the Liffey

Photographs by Bunyard-Ader



The Marchioness Townshend of Raynham, who was chairman of this successful premiere, received her Majesty Queen Mary, Patron of the Association. Her Majesty wore a wonderful evening coat of Chinese brocade with fur cuffs and collar. She was attended by Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell and Major the Hon. John Coke. Also with the Royal party were the Marchioness Townshend, Mr. B. E. Astbury, the general secretary of the Association, Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, chairman of the Council of the Association, and Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton



The Hon. Miranda Fitzalan-Howard, second daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont

THE QUEEN-MOTHER ATTENDS A FILM PREMIERE

THE Family Welfare Association, formerly known as the Charity Organisation Society, will benefit by nearly £2000 raised by the Premiere of *The Bells of St. Mary's* at the Carlton. There were an exceptional number of programme-sellers organised by Lord Vansittart's capable sister, Miss Honoria Vansittart; these included Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont's two daughters, Miriam and Miranda, Lord Melchett's only daughter, Karis, who is one of this year's débutantes, Lady Elizabeth Fortescue, Miss Monique Bohn, an attractive Norwegian who has recently returned from America and is now completing her studies at the Monkey Club. The Hon. Sheila Portman, Miss Jennifer Bevan, Miss Elizabeth Moncrieffe, Miss Jane Bengough, Mrs. Edmond Pollak and Mrs. Douglas Reid were a few more of Miss Vansittart's willing helpers. Among those I saw in the audience at the Premiere were their Excellencies the Dominican Minister, the Syrian Minister, the Lebanese Minister and Mme. Chamour, the Marquess of Townshend and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Luby, Rose Marchioness of Headfort, Lady Suenson-Taylor, Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's youngest daughter,

the Hon. Rosemary Scott-Ellis, with her fiancé, Mr. George Seymour, Lady Soskice, Major and Mrs. Evison, Mr. Humphrey Fisher, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with Miss Forman, Sir Alexander and Lady King. The Countess of Inchcape was sitting in the stalls, as was Lady Savile. The Hon. Lady Ward and Mrs. Warren Pearl and her two attractive daughters, Audrey and Susan, had circle seats; Mr. George Gibson, who inherited the famous Exning Stud from his uncle, the late Lord Glanely, came to the Premiere with Mrs. Corring Cooper and her daughter.

The Association, which was founded in 1869, works to promote family welfare primarily through family case work. They personally go into the cause of distress in families who, in many cases, do not qualify for assistance from Public Assistance Boards, and are at a loss to know which charitable organisation can help. Since 1939 it has maintained forty-five Citizens' Advice Bureaux in the London area where more than 1,000,000 people were given help and advice, while the Association's district committees have assisted over 100,000 families since 1939.



Dame Vera Laughton Matthews, Director of the W.R.N.S., and the Hon. Sheila Portman

The Countess of Inchcape, wife of the Earl of Inchcape and only daughter of Sir Richard Pease

The Mayor of Westminster, Councillor E. H. Keeling, with the Mayoress



Mr. Alaric Russell, second son of the Hon. Sir Odo Russell, and Mrs. Alaric Russell

Miss Bulkeley and Mrs. Edwards-Moss



Capt. Westwood and Miss Titford

Cardinal Griffin and Mr. Robert S. Wolff



Lady King, Sir Alexander King, C.B.E., and Miss J. Auten

G/Capt. Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, O.B.E., D.F.C., the Marchioness Townshend and Mr. B. E. Astbury



The Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard, third daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont



The Hon. Rosemary Scott-Ellis, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, and Mr. George Seymour



Miss Susan and Miss Audrey Warren Pearl, daughters of Mrs. Warren Pearl



H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth Pays Her First Visit to Northern Ireland

Left: Princess Elizabeth's personal standard flying at the yardarm of H.M.S. "Superb" during the voyage over to Belfast. This is the first time H.R.H.'s standard has flown at sea. H.M.S. "Superb" is an 8885-ton cruiser commanded by Captain W. G. A. Robson. On her arrival at Belfast Lough Princess Elizabeth had to transfer from the cruiser to the destroyer H.M.S. "Fame" to continue her journey in to the harbour. Right: Princess Elizabeth on the bridge of the cruiser during the voyage

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

NONE of those privileged to know Princess Elizabeth were in the least surprised at the resounding success of her three days' visit to Northern Ireland, during which "our beloved, beautiful and charming young Princess," as her uncle, Admiral Earl Granville, the Governor of Ulster, described her at the luncheon party following her launch of the great aircraft-carrier H.M.S. Eagle, won all hearts wherever she went. What most impressed the not-so-easily-moved Ulster men and women was the charming manner in which the Princess managed to handle each and every situation—even when she was put, without preparation or warning, into the somewhat embarrassing position of being presented in public with a bottle of poteen at the Enniskillen depot of the Royal Ulster Constabulary—without appearing in the least constrained or unnaturally forced.

At the Government House ball in her honour, she danced nearly every number with a different partner, several of whom were young naval officers from the cruiser *Superb* and her escorting destroyers, H.M.S. *Fame* and *Hotspur*, which transported H.R.H. to and from the mainland. Though the dance was timed to end at 1 a.m., so much was the Princess enjoying herself when that hour came, that she made a personal request to her uncle and host to extend the programme for another hour. Despite her late bedtime, the Princess was up early next day, and set off on her 200-mile car tour of four of the six counties—Down, Armagh, Tyrone and Fermanagh—in excellent spirits, which the fatigues of the day could do nothing to diminish. That night, her last in Ulster, was chosen by the "lambeggers" to beat their Orange drums outside the grounds of Hillsborough Castle, and tired as she must have been, the Princess walked over the lawns to smile and wave her thanks to the drummers before she retired.

Sir Basil Brooke, the Premier of Northern Ireland, and Lady Brooke, the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, Sir Richard Pim, the tall, good-looking Inspector-General of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, whose knighthood (for services in the War Cabinet map-room) was

one of the last honours recommended by Mr. Churchill before his resignation; Sir Thomas Dixon, H.M. Lieutenant of Belfast; Sir Crawford McCullagh, Lord Mayor of Belfast; Sir Norman Stronge, H.M. Lieutenant of Armagh; and Sir Frederick Rebbeck, chairman of Harland and Wolff, builders of the *Eagle*, were among those who had the honour of meeting the Princess at various points during her visit.

THE QUEEN'S PORTRAIT

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, who is a favourite sitter with artists, is, I hear, giving sittings for yet another portrait of herself, this time to Mr. James Gunn, the Scot, whose portraits have such an individual stamp about them. Because she herself holds the opinion—shared by many former painters of Royal portraits—that there is no room at Buckingham Palace where the lighting and other arrangements are properly suited for use as a studio, Her Majesty, following her usual custom, has driven over several times recently to Mr. Gunn's studio at Pembroke Walk, Kensington, and given him sittings there. Mr. Gunn, who received his early artistic training in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Paris, must be one of the most clubbable of painters. He belongs to five London clubs—the Beefsteak (into which no guests may be taken), the Arts, the Garrick, the Savage and the Chelsea Arts.

A VERY gay party was held at the Duchess Theatre after the first night of the new revue, *Make It A Date*. Everyone was delighted that the first venture of Edmar should have proved such an instantaneous hit, and the three directors, Marianne Davis, Edward Horan and Leigh Stafford, were overwhelmed with congratulations. As the star comedian of the show, Max Wall, said, in his curtain speech, it was very unusual to find the management not in the stalls or boxes, but on the stage with the company. Many stage-folk were at the party.

Managers Jack Hylton and Bernard Delfont were among the first to congratulate Marianne

Davis. I noticed Jane Carr looking very lovely, with her husband, John Donaldson-Hudson. Jack and Daphne Barker were there, as were Inga Andersen and Sydney Howard; Norman Hartnell, who had designed Marianne Davis's striking gowns, was also present. In the audience I noted Beatrice Lillie (whose new show *Better Late* opened at Bournemouth last week), in a box with Walter Crisham, Mr. Henry Sherek and the Hon. Mrs. Sherek, the Rance of Pudukota, Lady Reading, Lady Wood, Major and Mrs. Glover, Arthur Riscoe, Carole Lynne and Wanda Rotha. Composer Manning Sherwin was congratulating Edward Horan on the success of his numbers in the show. "Time after Time" is an obvious winner.

SPRING WEDDING

THE afternoon sun shining through the little windows of St. Ninian's Episcopal Church, Alyth, on to huge sprays of peach and cherry blossom, and masses of yellow daffodils, made a lovely spring setting for the marriage of Lt. John Ogilvy-Wedderburn, only son of Sir John and Lady Ogilvy-Wedderburn, of Silvie, Meigle, to Miss Elizabeth Cox. The bride wore a lovely Victorian wedding dress of cream silk gros grain, which had been worn by her grandmother, Mrs. Cox, of Cardean, at her wedding. With it she wore a silk net veil held in place by a wreath of orange-blossom and carried a bouquet of white tulips and freesias mixed together. There was a retinue of nine; two little train-bearers, Caroline Fairfax-Cholmeley, a niece of the bridegroom, and Stella Cox, a cousin of the bride; they were in cream net dresses. The four bridesmaids, who wore long hyacinth blue crêpe dresses with sprays of anemones in their hair, were the bride's two sisters, Annette and Jean Cox, the bridegroom's sister, Elizabeth Ogilvy-Wedderburn, and Lord Rendlesham's youngest daughter, the Hon. Kathleen Hennessy, who, incidentally, had to catch the night train down south after the wedding, as she is still nursing in a hospital. The bride's three godsons, Master Tom Tennant, Master David Aylwin and the Hon. Greville



Princess Elizabeth launching the H.M.S. "Eagle" at Belfast. H.R.H. had a tremendous reception when she arrived at the shipyard. The aircraft-carrier is the first of the new Ark Royal class and is still on the secret list

Napier, acted as pages, and wore white silk shirts with their kilts. Mr. James Clerk-Rattray was best man, and Major D. Cox, Mr. John Shand, Capt. James Scrymgeour-Wedderburn and Mr. Richard Leach were efficient ushers in the crowded church.

After the wedding, the bride's mother, looking very nice in grey, held a reception in the lovely panelled drawing-room at her home, Drumkilbo, Meigle, where, among others, I saw Mr. John Cox, who had given his sister away. Sir Douglas Ramsay, of Banff, was with Lady Ramsay (who is one of the bride's godmothers), and he proposed the bride's health when the cake was cut. Mrs. Gray Cheape, of Carse Gray, came with Miss Diana Gray Cheape. Sir Torquil and Lady Munro I met with their little son, Jamie, who was enjoying his first wedding. Mrs. Thornes-Roberts and her daughter, Mrs. Ian Macmillan, were meeting many friends. Others I saw at Drumkilbo were Lord Napier, whose third son was one of the pages, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Patullo, the Hon. Duthac and Mrs. Carnegie, who have just bought a house in Angus, and many more members of both families.

YOUNG COMMITTEE

LADY ERLEIGH is working hard as chairman of the Empire Day Ball to be held at the Dorchester on May 23rd. The ball is being given to raise money for the Victor Chetwynd Fund. This fund was started by Lady Chetwynd in memory of her late husband, Sir Victor Chetwynd, who died of tuberculosis, to help the men of our fighting forces who have contracted this dread disease during the war. Alas, so many returned prisoners of war have been found to be suffering from tuberculosis. Lady Erleigh has many young people helping her on the committee, many of them doing this work for the first time. She recently held her first committee meeting at M. and Mme. Bohn's lovely house in Cadogan Square, so that all plans for the dance could be made well in advance.

Among those at the first meeting were the daughter of the house, Miss Monique Bohn, who was looking after everyone in a most charming and quiet manner. Miss Mary Ovey, Miss Petronella Elliot, Miss Heather Shepherd, Miss Ann Johnstone-Noad, Miss Rosalie Williams, Miss Gillian Matheson, Miss Gould-Adams, Miss Anne Toovey, Princess Tatjana Dorofjet, Miss Patricia Boyd, Miss Elizabeth Muss-Falck and the Hon. Katherine Bruce. Lady Ovey, Lady Gurney, Lady Gould-Adams, Lady (Elliot) Forbes and Princess Irene Wieszewska were just a few of the older generation who were all delighted to see so many of the young people coming forward to help this very good cause. There was a good sprinkling of young men at the meeting, too, which was quite an innovation.



Princess Elizabeth was presented with a bottle of "Mountain Dew," when she visited the Royal Ulster Constabulary Depot at Enniskillen. This is made by the illegal producers of "poteen." A demonstration of one of these illicit stills was shown to H.R.H.



Princess Elizabeth a Godmother

During her visit Princess Elizabeth motored down to Comber, Co. Down, to be godmother to the infant daughter of one of her childhood friends, the Hon. Mrs. J. O. King, wife of Lieut.-Comdr. J. O. King, whose daughter was christened Elizabeth Lavinia Sara, by the Bishop of Co. Down and Dromore at St. Mary's, Comber. Mrs. King is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Annaly, and was the Hon. Patricia White before her marriage to Lieut.-Comdr. King in February 1945



The Bride and Bridegroom Leaving the Church

London Wedding

Captain Lord Guernsey and Miss Rosemary Tyer

● The marriage took place recently at Holy Trinity, Brompton, of Captain Lord Guernsey, the Black Watch, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Aylesford, and Miss Margaret Rosemary Tyer, only daughter of Major and Mrs. A. A. Tyer, of Tunstall, Wadhurst, while the Bishop of Lichfield officiated at the ceremony. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Derek Tyer, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The best man was the bridegroom's younger brother, Captain the Hon. Anthony Finch-Knightley, and Mrs. R. P. Wingate was matron of honour



The Earl of Aylesford (centre), Captain the Hon. Anthony Finch-Knightley and Mrs. R. P. Wingate



Pipers of the bridegroom's regiment, the Black Watch (the Royal Highland Regiment), preceded the bridal car

At Home in Surrey

Sir Eric and Lady Bowater and Their Family

● Sir Eric and Lady Bowater live with their two children, Sarah, who is six, and Nicholas, nearly four, at Dene Place, West Horsley, in Surrey. Apart from his other activities, Sir Eric is a keen farmer and breeder of livestock. His farm is close on 100 acres, and he takes especial pride in his Guernseys and Saddleback pigs. During the war he was Deputy Controller of Repairs, Equipment and Overseas Supplies at the Ministry of Aircraft Production. He was knighted in 1944, and is chairman of Bowater's and other companies. He joined the Royal Artillery in 1913, serving in the Great War, and is the son of the late Sir Frederick W. Bowater and Dame Alice Bowater.

Photographs by Swaebe.



Sir Eric Works on His Farm



Nicholas Bowater



Lady Bowater with Nicholas and Sarah



The Princess de Polignac and M. Drian, the artist. The gem of the Retrospective Section of the exhibition was "White Duck," from the late Sir Philip Sassoon's collection



M. Nasinta, the director of the Galeries Charpentier, Mme. de Vilmorin and the British Ambassador in Paris and Lady Diana Duff Cooper. It was through the kindness of Lady Diana that the picture "White Duck" was lent and brought over from England

PRISCILLA in

PARIS

Freedom of the Road?

WELL, I'm—what-you-m'-call-itted! Oh, for a satisfying swear-word allowing me to let off steam without risk of scorching the glossy page of this 'ere Second-Class-Matter-under-the-Act! Have you heard the news, O my Patient Perusers? After April 15th car-owners will no longer have to wangle special permits in this country. By "wangling" I mean that we shall no longer have to hunt round to find someone who knows a fellow who is acquainted with another chap whose *petite amie* has a job in the same office as the bit o' fluff who—and so on and so forth! In the very near future we shall be allowed to run about free (if not gratis) for what, with the cost of oil, petrol, air (yes, air!) and repairs it will be almost as x.p. to run a small bus as it is to take a first-class ticket on the Métro. To get a car washed (badly) nowadays, you pay the same price as the pre-war rent of a private box in a garage for a month. However, that's as may be, and my heart missed a beat as I thought of running down to my Farm-on-the-Island and rescuing Miss Chrysler, who has been hidden down there for the last six years, smothered in grease, wheels off the ground and batteries removed, all undiscovered by ye Boche. The blessed old dear is waiting for me with six good tyres aching to hit the macadam! I'm so tired of driving ambulances, even straight-eight "Mercs"! But, alas, my joy was short-lived. The freedom of the road will only be extended to vehicles under 14 h.p.! Mine's a 16—nuf sed! Find me that swear-word!

THE Comité de la Place Vendôme's monthly jamboree was held in Mme. Schiaparelli's salons the other evening, and this gave rise to the rumour that the famous dress-designer and Pablo Picasso are to collaborate in the creation of costumes and *décor* for a ballet at the Grand Opera. Unfortunately, 'tis but a rumour. At this party the composer-pianist, Olivier Messiaen, played, with Mme. Yvonne Loriot, extracts from his *opus* for two pianos. The dancers, Marianne Ivanoff, Dynalix, Max Bozzoni and Geneviève Guyot, of the G.O. Ballet, appeared in various dances, and Sirène Adjemova, who is shortly joining the Monte Carlo Ballet, created an amusing dance duet, "Marfousha Meets a G.I.", with Bob Bartell, of Hollywood, who has done his bit as a parachutist with the U.S. Army. They were accompanied by Jerry Mengo and his boys. "Where, in all this," one asks, "do Schiaparelli and Picasso come in as

designers for a new ballet?" Well, they just don't! Only it happens that Geneviève Guyot, in one of her dances, wore a charming Schiaparelli frock, and in the dance from de Falla's "Tricorne," Adjemova's costume was due to Picasso. One swallow doesn't make a summer; neither do two frocks make a ballet. I repeat: more's the pity. But that's the way history gets writ!

I HAVE been to so many picture-shows this week that fainting in coils has almost become a reality. How does our Ambassadors always manage to look so fresh and lovely at these affairs? Picture-shows, galas and *premières*, no matter how interesting or amusing, must be to their Excellencies very much the same as queueing-up for spinach is to members of the String-bag Brigade.

The exhibition of children's paintings, brought over from England by the British Council, has got all Paris running to the École des Beaux Arts. But Paris has to be careful where she runs. The "This Way" signs being conspicuous by their absence, I got into the wrong room at the Beaux Arts and found myself all mixed up with the Prix de Rome stuff. Subject: the *petit lever* of Aurora. I finally discovered the children on the second floor and decided that they are far more mature than the adults downstairs and with a far greater feeling for colour, if a bit uncertain as to form. I was not only delighted with the pictures but also with the names of the babes. Cherry Wardroper, Wendy Tilley, Beryl Rowland, Hugo Scott, Felicity Angel, amongst others. One can imagine such pleasant-sounding and looking names looming large in "electrics," on posters and heading paragraphs in the news! I like to think that these youngsters were safely out of London during the blitz, for the subjects they have chosen are gay and happy ones; a glad contrast to the grim exhibition at the Palais de Tokio, where most of the children have been inspired by scenes they saw during the fighting in Normandy, and Liberation. The picture of three civilians hanging from a tree in the village square, with enemy troops marching off in the distance and the villagers coming out of their houses, where they had been hiding, is a terrifying thing, and fresh horror is added by the fact that it has been painted by an eleven-year-old girl. These drawings and pictures will remain as eloquent reminders of what the Germans did in the small villages of France.

MME. ANDRÉE BIZET's one-woman show at the Lucy Krohg Gallery is another big success. Her still-life studies of fruit and flowers are exquisite. I lost my heart, and would have liked to lose my pocket-book also, to a cluster of marguerites in a white china vase, but it was already sold; a basketful of green peppers was my next desire, but Mitty Goldin got in before me. He seems to be lucky in so many ways. His theatre, the Capucines, is playing to capacity with a revue that has been running for several months and is the best of its kind in Paris, while Tino Rossi has succeeded Maurice Chevalier—who is going to America—at the A.B.C., where a variety entertainment is given twice daily. There were many stage favourites at this opening. Lovely Gabrielle Ristori, who was deported in '43 and spent several months in the "Camp of Death" in Germany; Simone Berriau (Mrs. Brandel), Jeanne Boitel, who has been playing lead in the revival of *l'Aiglon*, which has passed the 300th performance mark and still keeps keeping on! Mrs. Arthur Honegger represented "music." There were such writers as Roland Dorgelès, who is to edit the *Journal des Goncourt in extenso*—only expurgated versions have been published so far; Gaxotte, André Warnod, Barreyre and Georges Oudart. M. Jacques Jaujard, the director of the Beaux Arts, was there, and the Embassies were present in the persons of M. Arguello and M. Wang.

Voilà!

● Mistinguett was at the *répétition générale* of *Rebecca* at the Théâtre de Paris. The young actress who plays the title-role is seventeen-year-old Lise Topart. "She reminds me of myself," confided Mis. to Michel Georges-Michel, who has just returned from America. Seeing that he looked somewhat surprised, she added quickly: "I don't mean her manner of playing, but her age. I was her age when I first faced the footlights." "How long ago was that?" asked Michel, who has his absent-minded moments. But Mis. changed the conversation.



Viscount and Viscountess Alexander on Their Way to the Guildhall

Field - Marshal Viscount Alexander of Tunis is Presented with the Freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall



Field-Marshal Lord Alexander takes the oath in the Guildhall. He is the first of the nation's war commanders to be made a Freeman of the City. On the right, Mr. Attlee is seated between Lady Alexander and Mrs. Attlee. Those present included many of the Field-Marshal's own subordinate generals.



Field-Marshal Lord Alexander, accompanied by Lady Alexander, speaks to the London crowd from the balcony of the Mansion House before the luncheon. There were vast crowds massed in the streets, while hundreds more stood on the roof-tops.

"The Guinea" Back-Street Boy in a Great

● Mr. Warren Chetham-Strode's play *The Guinea* is the only play now running in London which deals with the problem of how best to advantage to children with brains but no background. The author bases his theme on a recommendation that all our Public Schools should give 25 per cent. to but 'clever' boys.

He puts, for experimental purposes, one boy in builds his play around this gauche, badly-dressed, shop tobacconist.

Immediately there is conflict between this boy and the other boys. The tobacconist's son gets off to a very bad start with the initial ragging that any new boy has to go through. He is brought before his housemaster, an elderly reactionary, who promising abruptness tells him he must conform unquestioningly. The boy explains resentfully that his being upside down in a dustbin will ruin the clothes that he has bought for him.

Neither sees the other's point of view and the boy is brought before his housemaster again. He finds in the study also the house tutor, a young man who understands boys as well as men, and who is loyal to those of the Fleming Report.

The house tutor explains to the boy now suffering more than ragging centres of hooligans, and that if he has access to the finest education in the country, he will have the happiness that education can give.

This is the turning-point in the play, and gradually, master against him, the boy begins to settle down. He learns to play cricket, but does learn to play Rugger as well as to acquire the polish of the men and boys surrounding him. His future as a Bevin boy in the Foreign Office.

Photographs by John



Lorraine: "Got a handkerchief?"
Read: "No"
Lorraine: "Have this one. And give it back when it's washed"



Hartley: "This is the biggest scandal, Lorraine, that has ever happened at Saintbury"



Lorraine: "Oh, by the way—do I have?"
Read: "No, sir. . . . You can have them"

a-Pig "

t Public School

Pig, at the Criterion Theatre, is with one of the immediate problems of give every possible educational and.

on of the Fleming Report, that their places as bursaries to poor

into a famous public school and ill-spoken son of a Pimlico one-

happy "scholar" and the other start when he refuses to accept ough at any public school. He is onary, who with fierce, uncom- to the traditions of the school at the tradition of being ducked his mother has had such difficulty

y tries to run away.

this time he is lucky enough to ately back from fighting the war, own ideals on education conform

ing boy that Public Schools are f he will stay the course he will ery, and all the advantages and

y, in spite of the bias of his house- He is admittedly no good at er: He advances in his studies, him, and is left with a promising

ckers



return the pipes?"
as a wedding present"



Hartley: "I'm not having any more boys like Read in this house"



Read: "Mother!"
Mrs. Read: "He's looking well"



"... the only pretty ringtime"—by Tatler artist Wysard



D. R. Stuart

The Oxford and Cambridge University Women's Hockey Teams

The Cambridge University Women's Hockey team who have not lost a match this season and who defeated Oxford by 6 goals to nil at Oxford. Sitting: E. Fowler and H. Roseveare (Newnham), Olga Rutherford (Girton, captain), J. Findley and J. Prigg (Newnham). Standing: B. Jenkins and H. Doyle (Newnham), E. Morris (Girton), P. L. Cook, R. Lloyd, J. E. Barber (Newnham).

The Oxford University Women's Hockey team who had lost two and won one fixture before meeting Cambridge, to whom they had to surrender the cup they won in 1945. Sitting: E. M. Sellars (Lady Margaret Hall), M. E. Turner (Somerville), Jean Harrison (St. Anne's, captain), C. Burbury (St. Hilda's), S. G. Bailey (Lady Margaret Hall). Standing: U. Herbert (St. Hugh's), E. S. Tomlinson (St. Hilda's), M. A. Smith (Somerville), S. Peto (St. Anne's), C. Sisan (Lady Margaret Hall), M. G. Airey (Somerville).

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

The Double

THE popular cry about the two most dangerous events in the whole Turf calendar is: "Langton Abbot and Prince Regent!" Where the latter is concerned, it is only too easy to concur with those who assert that he has only to stand up to win the National; where the former is concerned, though it is obvious that his supporters are voicing their convictions in the "language" that counts for so much, there is, nevertheless, the fact that he eased two points in the recent betting, and there may be many who doubt whether his fourth in the Free Handicap, almost a year ago to the very day, is stout enough form upon which to rely. The first four, Grandmaster, Hobo, Blue Water and Langton Abbot, were all in a bunch—a neck, three-quarters of a length, and a length. It is suggested that note should be taken of the fact that Grandmaster was giving Hobo 1 st. 4 lb.; Blue Water 9 lb., and Langton Abbot 12 lb. The latter had 8 st. 1 lb.; he has now 8 st. 2 lb. in the Lincoln, a quite reasonable weight for any good-class four-year-old. The Free Handicap was his only appearance last year. No one can know the form he may have shown at home excepting his connections. The money is obviously down. The public know very little about him, but there is a good weight of its money on him. The bookmakers do not appear to be alarmed. They say that Prawn Curry, Rustic, Loretto, Treasury are the most likely challengers; they are not sure about Effervescence or Poolfix, who is ridden by the famous English "Pipe Major" Gordon, and they are quite contemptuous of the Hunt Cup winner, Colonel Jock Whitney's Battle Hymn. Are they right? Battle Hymn won that high-pressure contest as he liked from a good field. Being so averse from leading people astray, I say nothing, because nothing seems certain. There is too much of the Lucky Dip about this race. It can, for instance, be won or lost on the draw. What you or I think is not evidence. The facts to be noted, however, are that the Irish horses have not been through a starvation war period; ours have; that the Irish contingent fancy Poolfix, and that, if the jockey is not asked to come home without the horse, we know that he will get the last ounce out of him. And I think the same may be said about Sam Wragg's ride, Effervescence.

The Other Leg

IT would be almost insulting not to stand, or fall, by Prince Regent after what he has shown us so recently, and I think most of us would feel it in the nature of a personal injury if so valiant a champion should be denied the

bay-leaves by mischance. Unless Prince Regent is knocked over, or brought down by the loose horses, I cannot see him falling. He jumps like the real tradesman that he is; I am sure that he will stay. It would be foolish, however, to shut our eyes to possibilities. Limestone Edward, the northern crack, gets 2 st. 3 lb. It is a tremendous lot of weight over such a journey; yet Prince Regent ere now has given 3 st. and a beating to some of the best of his own countrymen. Limestone Edward, a big, powerful horse, recently laughed at 12 st. 10 lb., over 3 miles at Southwell. He has only 10 st. 2 lb. in the National, and will hardly know that he has got anything on his back. He is lame at the moment. Jumping seems to be no trouble at all to him. I shall not be surprised to see them pass the post in this order: Prince Regent, Red Rower, Limestone Edward, (if) Knight's Crest (winner of last year's I.G.N.), and one of the other Irishmen, Roman Hackle or Dunshaughlin. I have doubts about Poor Flame's capacity to jump the country, and so poor young Rimell's recent bad smash may be a blessing in disguise. I hope the neck mends quickly. I do not think we need fear either of the Frenchmen. Jock and Elsie will probably get round, however far behind they may finish. Jock has all the scope and courage, but he is such a novice.

The casualties amongst the jumpers this season have been unfortunately severe, and we do not even yet know whether we are now at the end of them. Callaly, fancied in Ireland, and Priority Call have both been killed, and so has Farragon, who was most promising; The Hack, Irish Duke, Tallin and Poet Prince are all knocked out, and now, almost at the last moment, Chaka and Limestone Edward are in trouble, and it will be very surprising if either of them is able to run.

Cato on Snakes

AN erudite correspondent (Mr. W. O. Orton), writing from Coventry, sends me the following homely, and likewise very ancient, remedy for snake-bite, which I hope may be in time to catch the eye of the intrepid trio who are now in that perilous place, the Land of Regrets.

With reference to your remarks on snakes and their bites in *The Tattler*, I pass on to you an antidote from an Old Timer. I have recently read Marcus Porcius Cato's *De Agri Cultura* (c. 200 B.C.), in which he says the snake-bite will have no ill effect if the wound is well rubbed with pig manure. Some old remedies are very good, so perhaps this one could be tried by the austerity visitor to India should he attract the attention of any snake.

I am sure that the distinguished Darweshes will be grateful, and I am equally sure that Cato ought to have known, for he was raised on his father's farm at Tusculum. He was, furthermore, a celebrated member of the *Porcia Gens*. I am not familiar with his *De Agri Cultura*, but have come across his *De Re Rustica*, in which, so far as I remember, he says nothing at all about snakes. Whether Cato's remedy would prove equally efficacious against infection by the Flirting Germ, against which I also ventured to warn our voyagers, I do not quite know, but I am almost certain that it would, for no wench would stick it. The symptoms of snake-bite and flirting are absolutely identical and equally dangerous.

Last of Four

EVERYONE who knew him—and that means a great many people—will have deeply regretted the death of Lieut.-Colonel Archie Tod, formerly the 2nd Battalion The Rifle Brigade, even though it was known that it meant a happy release from a prolonged illness borne with great fortitude. He was the last survivor of that famous 2nd R.B. polo team which so nearly beat their old rivals, the 10th Hussars, in the Inter-Regimental at Meerut in 1911, which the 10th eventually won. They were drawn in the first round, and at full time it was a dead heat, 5 all. In the extra time the 10th put on the necessary point, but they had to work their passage every yard of the way. The R.B. order of battle on that day was C. E. Harrison (1), H. V. Scott (2), H. G. M. Railston (3), and A. A. Tod (back). "Jacko" Harrison and "Sparrow" Scott were victims of the First German War; "Admiral" Railston died some years ago, and now dear old Archie has gone. Only very few of that battalion are left, for it was terribly mauled in those desperate operations. The Rifle Brigade and the Durhams are the only Infantry regiments who have won the Indian Inter-Regimental; the former in 1900, whilst the South African War was on, and the latter in 1896-97-98, led by that uncanny genius who is now Sir H. de Beauvoir de Lisle. Archie Tod was a great player of all ball games: cricket, racquets, polo, and it is quite on the cards that, but for the outbreak of war in 1914, he would have been picked for England v. America. Both he and his brother, Norman, were in the Eton XI., and in 1900, in the match v. Harrow, Archie missed his century by 2 runs, no one being sorrier than the Harrovian who knocked the middle peg out with a full pitch. Archie Tod was a grand chap. May the turf lie lightly upon him.

LAWN TENNIS

and Other Pastimes

John Illiff

AFTER six years in the attic, the dusty old racket in the triangular press and the three old balls in the mangy string bag are being enthusiastically salvaged by their frustrated owners. The resurrection of these objets d'art is accompanied by a desire for information as to who's who and what's what in the lawn-tennis world to-day.

With the Championships at Wimbledon, the Davis Cup, the Wightman Cup and a full season of tournaments ahead of us it is, perhaps, time to review the post-war position.

The American habit before the war was to win Wimbledon and then turn professional. Tilden, Vines, Budge, Riggs and Perry (now an American citizen) have all followed suit.

This fact is rather embarrassing to the amateur game. With Frank Parker (U.S.A.) probably the best player at Wimbledon, will it be as great an attraction as it was in the days of Tilden, Vines, Lacoste, Cochet, Borotra, Perry, Budge and Riggs? I think it will. There is always new blood coming along, and the newcomer will not turn professional before winning the amateur titles. For the last fifteen years Tilden has been urging, in the American Press, an Open Championship, but his voice has been one crying in the wilderness, and we are no nearer to this ideal, as adopted at golf, than we ever were.

The outlook in the women's game is temporarily almost as gloomy. We have no Wimbledon champion in the amateur game to-day. Miss Alice Marble and Mrs. Little (Dorothy Round) have both turned professional, while Mrs. Wills Moody and Miss Helen Jacobs have retired from championship play. It is true that we have reinstated Mrs. Little as an amateur, but that does not allow her to play at Wimbledon, or in the Wightman Cup, or in any national championship which comes under the jurisdiction of the International Lawn Tennis Federation. But there will be others as good and better than these great players. In the words of Ecclesiastes: "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh."

Lord Iliffe's Gesture

LORD ILIFFE, President of the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain, gave a reunion dinner for the Club at Claridge's on March 19.

Among the guests were Lord Lyle of Westbourne, the deputy President, Lord Templewood and, of special interest to "Old" Wimbledon enthusiasts, Manuel Alonso, of Spain, who was in the last singles final at the old ground in Worple Road in 1921.

New Army Rackets Champion

CAPTAIN A. RONALD TAYLOR, a left-hander, showed most promising form when he won the Army Rackets Championship at Queen's Club, by beating Major the Hon. M. G. L. Bruce in the final.

Maurice Bruce is a son of that great ball-game player, Lord Aberdare, a former Rackets and Real Tennis Champion and well known on the cricket field as the Hon. C. N. Bruce.

A Famous Victory

EVER since I saw England's magnificent victory over Scotland by 12-8 at Twickenham I have been wondering whether I ever saw a greater or more exciting rugby match. The reason for the sudden devastating attacks by England in the second half were not, I think, so much due to the inspiration of Jack Heaton's fine penalty goal as to the fact that the ball suddenly ceased to get held up in the middle of the English scrum and Moore was now able to give Hall a chance to get the three-quarter line moving. I came away with the impression that Vaughan, Mycock, Price, Peel and Bole are all superb forwards, but that the Scottish player, W. I. D. Elliot, is the greatest forward in the United Kingdom.



The Stage Turns to Sport: Some Tense Moments in the Match
Arthur Lacy (right) relating golf rules to Carl Balliol, Jimmy Green, George Doonan, S. Thomas and two of the professional side



George Doonan playing from a bunker before the second hole

Cambridge Beat Oxford in the



C. R. Leeson (Cambridge) winner of the high jump at 5 feet 10 inches



Finish of the 880 yards won by J. P. S. Gibson (Oxford)



C. Reidy (Cambridge) wins the throwing of the discus



P. M. Coggins (Cambridge) wins the three miles



Played Between the Vaudeville Golfing Society and Golf Professionals at Sudbury Golf Club, Middlesex

A study of the line of putt with Alfie Dean and Jack François

Douglas Wakefield registers amazement at the favourable result of his drive

University Sports at the White City

● Cambridge beat Oxford in the University Sports at White City by 65 points to 43. The racing was keen, and two of the finishes—the half-mile and the mile—were as exciting as they could possibly be. Watching the events was a crowd of 7000. The scoring after five events had been decided showed

that Cambridge led by 25 points to 20. Then came the mile and the low hurdles, won by Oxford, which gave them the lead by 37 points to 35 for the first time after eight events. Cambridge came well into the front again after the high jump, where they kept the lead to the end and won the day



Two old athletic Blues, D. G. A. Lowe (Cambridge) and W. R. Milligan (Oxford)



H. M. Abrahams, the referee, and B. C. Rudd, an old Oxford miler

RESULTS

100 Yards.—1, J. Fairgrieve (Camb.); 2, J. D. J. Havard (Camb.); 3, S. A. Bryett (Ox.). Yd. 10.4 s.

Weight.—1, C. R. Shaw (Camb.), 39 ft. 4½ in.; 2, J. D. Gilder (Ox.), 39 ft. 0½ in.; 3, R. G. Malloch-Brown (Ox.), 37 ft. 7 in. 880 Yards.—1, J. P. S. Gibson (Ox.); 2, J. W. E. Mark (Camb.); 3, R. C. Hope-Jones (Camb.). 1 ft. 2 m. 0.6 s.

Long Jump.—1, J. Morrish (Ox.), 21 ft. 8½ in.; 2, A. N. Willis (Camb.), 21 ft. 7 in.; 3, A. G. Donald (Camb.), 20 ft. 2 in.

120 Yards' Hurdles.—1, W. Thomas (Ox.); 2, D. T. Anderson (Camb.); 3, N. C. Ure (Camb.). 4 yds. 16.6 s. Mile.—1, N. M. Green (Ox.); 2, H. G. E. Wilson (Camb.); 3, R. T. S. MacPherson (Ox.). Inches. 4 m. 33.8 s.

Discus.—1, C. Reidy (Camb.), 122 ft. 4 in.; 2, P. J. M. Trollope (Ox.), 115 ft. 6 in.; 3, C. R. Shaw (Camb.), 111 ft. 8 in.

Javelin.—1, J. Moor (Camb.), 164 ft. 10 in.; 2, D. R. Alban (Camb.), 149 ft. 8 in.; 3, G. R. M. Drew (Ox.), 133 ft. 5 in.

220 Yards' Low Hurdles.—1, P. L. Day (Ox.); 2, J. M. McSweeney (Ox.); 3, T. D. Anderson (Camb.). 6 in. 28 s.

Three Miles.—1, P. M. Coggins (Camb.); 2, P. R. Ll. Morgan (Ox.); 3, C. E. Carpenter (Camb.). 120 yds. 15 m. 14.8 s.

High Jump.—1, C. R. Leeson (Camb.), 5 ft. 10 in.; 2, J. Rymer (Camb.), 5 ft. 8 in.; 3, R. W. Lester (Ox.), 5 ft. 6 in.

440 Yards.—1, J. W. E. Mark (Camb.); 2, J. Fairgrieve (Camb.); 3, G. R. Grice (Ox.). 3 yds. 51.8 s.



The 120 yards' hurdle race. D. T. Anderson (Cambridge), W. Thomas (University of Utah and Oxford), the winner, N. C. Ure (Cambridge), and D. R. Marsh (Oxford)



J. Fairgrieve (right, Cambridge), winner of the 100 yards from J. D. Havard (Cambridge), with S. A. Bryett (Oxford)



Doña Elena Sagasta, Miss Elizabeth Muss-Falck, Miss Jean Mathison and Miss Petronella Elliott.



A Committee Meeting of Young People to Arrange the Empire Day Ball

Miss Mary Ovey, Lady Ovey, wife of Sir Esmond Ovey, and Lady Gurney, wife of Sir Hugh Gurney

ÆSOP'S FEEBLES

The Hermit and the Sailor

*A Hermit, who was very ill,
Spoke to a Sailor passing by,
"Give me a potion or a pill,
Even a philtre, lest I die."*

*The Sailor, who of course did not
Possess such things, produced some gin
And poured the Hermit out a tot
That well-nigh did the latter in.*

*The ancient one, when he came round
A few days later, yelped with joy,
"The Elixir!" he cried. "It's found!
Eureka! Wizard! Boy oh boy!"*

*"It had no colour and it burned.
I must find more of it, yes, heaps!"
He put his bowler on and turned
To leave his hermitage for keeps.*

*For weeks he tramped, seeking the Fount,
Weary and footsore, down-at-heel.
He tramped, I fancy, on account
Of having little hitch-appeal.*

*At last he chanced upon a man—
The Sailor, funnily enough—
Filling a lorry from a can
Of—surely, wasn't that the Stuff?*

*He sipped. It burned. It had no hue.
Pushing the matelot aside
He drank a gallon, maybe two
And naturally . . . well, he died.*

Immoral

All that Blisters isn't Gin.

J. R.

Kenya

PETER DE POLNAY has been a striking arrival on our literary scene. Temperamentally as well as by birth a continental, he has given us, in faultless and supple English, stories that have the fascination of being un-English in their flavour. He combines a highly individualised view of human nature with the expertise of the most professional novelist. The always different backgrounds of his books have filled for civilian readers, during the war years, a vacuum left by the want of travel, and have assuaged the craving for foreign scenes. His latest novel, *The Umbrella Thorn* (Hutchinson; ros. 6d.), is set in Kenya—and why, by the way, do we seem to have had so few Kenya novels? Report—deriving sometimes from travellers' tales, sometimes from newspaper paragraphs—alternately glamorises, dramatises and traduces that colony. Some current London ideas about Kenya are, in fact, caricatured by Mr. de Polnay in the conversation of one of his minor characters, Leonard, the phoney-sophisticated young interior decorator, who arrives on a visit to his uncle.

Mr. de Polnay rather deflates the notion that altitude and the great open spaces create, among Britishers settled in Kenya, a special, hectic, unbalanced and rip-roaring atmosphere. Climate, the isolation of up-country estates and the sometimes uncanny strangeness of the landscape play, it is true, a great part in *The Umbrella Thorn*. It is true also that, here, passions spin the plot—but these, though sufficiently powerful, are not passions of the more obvious or expected kinds. These de Polnay men and women are, first of all, in the grip of their own obsessions, their own natures. Outwardly, they are conventional enough; not in word or gesture are they untrue to type.

Force of Circumstances

THE opening of *The Umbrella Thorn* is brilliant. We find ourselves in a Nairobi nursing-home, in whose outer purlieus Miles Wace is making a delightful ass of himself in the rôle of new-made father. Miles, apparently all set to be this novel's hero, unexpectedly quits the scene (it is not for me to say how), and we find his place taken by David McKenna—Miles's friend and the new baby's godfather—who is, emotionally, a dark horse. Gloria, Miles's wife, has always been intimidated by David, who, backed by inherited capital, is competently

farming the next-door estate while the Waces, hopeful unrealists, drift towards ruin. Widowhood, loneliness and debts are now to make Gloria an unwilling dependant on David's generosity: slowly, circumstances and public opinion force the two together. She does not love him; his attitude to her is inscrutable—though he shows a deep, powerful feeling for Miles's child.

Gloria, curious mixture of sincerity and worthlessness, is well drawn. But it is David McKenna who is the masterpiece character. He is most himself in talk with two of his neighbours—the derelict, bat-witted philosopher Adams and the loquacious Laborde.

"You're perfectly right," McKenna said. "The trouble with you is that you're always right. To be always right is to be fundamentally in the wrong. Life is seldom right, and to be incessantly in the right is somehow to be out of touch with life."

"Your own epitaph," said Adams.

Adams, in this case, is right again: McKenna is out of touch with life. It seems to be his fate to cast a frost on his own enthusiasms and loves; his scrupulous fairness, even, is found



"Come on in—the water's fine . . ."



at the Dorchester in Aid of the Victor Chetwynd Fund for Tuberculosis

Viscountess Erleigh, wife of the Marquess of Reading's son and heir

Miss Heather Shepherd and the Hon. Katherine Bruce, third daughter of Lord and Lady Balfour of Burleigh

reviewing BOOKS

forbidding. Ex-regular soldier, he has a clipped correctness of manner that seems to make intimacies impossible; at the same time, not a Scot for nothing, he is consumed by metaphysical speculations. . . . The minor characters in *The Umbrella Thorn*, if they carry less weight, are not drawn less sharply—we have Betty Newton, Gloria's plain-spoken, blowsy, warm-hearted friend; Laborde and Adams; Betty's husband, Reggie, and the specious Leonard. Mr. de Polnay's dialogue, always admirable, is at its best here. Apart from its unusual atmosphere, this is one of the most sheerly efficient novels that I have read for some time.

Gormenghast

MERVYN PEAKE's *Titus Groan* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.) defies classification: it certainly is not a novel; it would be found strong meat as a fairy-tale. Let us call it a sport of literature (for literature I, for one, do find it to be)—one of those works of pure, violent, self-sufficient imagination that are from time to time thrown out. Mervyn Peake has been up to now known as an artist—portraitist, illustrator: nobody who so much as glanced at his

recent book of drawings, *Captain Slaughterboard Drops Anchor*, is likely to have forgotten either that pirate captain or his monstrous crew. In *Titus Groan*, Mr. Peake once again creates a gallery of gnarled human grotesques; but this time he works in words instead of in line. Nor has he done only this: poetry flows through his volcanic writing; the lyrical and the monstrous are inter-knotted in his scenes, in the arabesques of his prose.

Titus Groan is generically a fairy-story in that it seeks no connection with actual time or place. Unnamed is the country, undated the century in which Gormenghast, vast-ramparted, towered dwelling of the Earls of Groan, rears up into the clouded or moonlit heavens, a darkling pile. Under and against the Gormenghast ramparts huddle the roofs of the Mud Dwellings, homes of a semi-troglodyte, all-but-forgotten people. All around this extends a landscape of cactuses, sunk lakes and twisted woods: in the distance there is a mountain range.

Features of Gormenghast are the Tower of Flints, the Hall of the Bright Carvings, the Cat Room, the Stone Lanes (below-stairs passages) and the Great Kitchen, dominated by the monstrous chef Swelter, with his army of subsidiaries and apprentices. Upstairs, in outlying, forgotten and rotting grand rooms, forgotten persons may lie asleep for decades.

Dynasty

THE Groans are a dynasty. Fears for the dynasty's future are allayed, in the first chapter, by news of the birth of an heir, Titus, to Sepulchrave, the melancholy-devoured 76th Earl. (Titus remains an infant throughout the story he names.) In the family picture are also the massive Countess Gertrude, who, in the intervals of unsuccessfully pinning up her red hair, divides herself between two (one would have thought incompatible) passions, for birds and white cats; Fuchsia, the up-to-now only child, a semi-savage, fifteen-year-old, oddly lovely; and the Ladies Clarice and Cora, blank-faced middle-aged twins, sisters of Sepulchrave, aunts to Fuchsia and Titus. Among the Earl's entourage are Rottcodd, custodian of the Bright Carvings; Sourdust, the librarian; Dr. and Miss Prunesquallor; Mr. Flay, the personal servant; Mrs. Slagg, the elderly midget nurse, and the aforesaid horrific Swelter.

Slumber, dust, frustration and the meticulous practice of old rites might continue to bind up the Groan family party, were not active

(Concluded on page 28)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

OFTEN I wish that medical science would discover a serum against the more Romantic Emotions. It would make life so much less liable to psychological atom bombs. Once bitten is never twice shy in matters of the heart. No matter how old we may be, we all of us feel that we are really in love for the very first time, even though the neighbourhood cynically remarks: "What! Again?"

Romance is often inclined to time itself most awkwardly. Just as we have comfortably settled down, so we think, to the steadfast humdrum of unexciting bliss we are struck "all of a heap," and often in the most embarrassing directions.

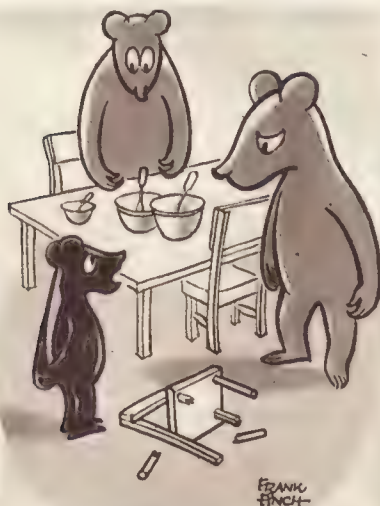
I have just been listening to the woes of a woman who imagined, as so many conscientious wives do, that to be a Perfect Housekeeper made her, *ipso facto*, a Perfect Wife. It doesn't. At least, not inevitably. Perfect happiness is the marriage of two Minds as well as two Bodies. And an inner rift is bound to occur when, even after a not only punctual but excellent repast, one or the other faces the prospect of a dully repetitive evening.

It is hard to convince the average woman that men require something in-between a hausfrau and a houri. Just as it is hard to convince a man that the symbol of a pearl-necklace to the wife will not smooth away a whole period of moody *laissez-faire*. It is far more emotionally enervating feeling lonely in the mind than having a pleasant "body" always at one's elbow and with no other interest in it than to pat it occasionally. One couldn't sustain a friendship which, after the first flush, left no exciting communion behind it. One would just drift apart—and be glad to do so. And where two minds possess nothing in common except propinquity, this same propinquity will also sunder two bodies eventually, if propinquity is all that binds them.

Respect alone is never enough—except towards grandmothers. Perfect human association demands a sharing of interests, which is rather like talking to oneself, but much nicer, because it is you and another "discovering" the same things by another route. Consequently, where there is mental loneliness there is always bodily danger. And food won't fill the gap, neither will flowers.

I never believe in the happy marriage of Two Opposites. It may be exciting for a time, because it always is exciting to convert an attractive heathen. Nevertheless, there must be in the first instance some groundwork of shared tastes if the second instance isn't to be a bored understatement for the sake of peace. And just as the body will go out to seek food when it is hungry, so will the mind seek out sustenance when it is starved.

I always suspect there is something fundamentally missing in the home when a husband or wife are much more individual and attractive when one comes along without the other. And it is that missing fundamental which lies at the root of so many a domestic upset. Unfortunately, when the "upset" upsets, it is too often for no other reason than that which brought the incompatibles together. So life becomes a vicious circle. A nice injection of anti-romantic serum would solve all that. Think how satisfying it would be if, having been injected, one still yearned to share existence with the one we love. Then we should know where we are. As it is, too many lovers don't in the least know where they are—until a year later. When too often they wish they didn't!



"How should I know who did it?—and, anyway, what can you expect with utility stuff!"

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Wade — Upton

Capt. R. P. Wade, Northamptonshire Yeomanry, of Honiley Hall, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, married Miss Ruth P. Upton, elder daughter of Mr. J. B. Upton, of Edgbaston, and Mrs. Upton, of Sunningdale, Berks, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Morris — Verschoyle-Campbell

Major A. J. Morris, The Royal Irish Fusiliers, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Morris, of Killiney, Eire, married Miss Merle Verschoyle-Campbell, widow of Lt. Verschoyle-Campbell, R.N., and daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Davos Bain, of Compton Avenue, N.6



Eve — Rank

Major Stephen T. Eve, M.B.E., M.C., 4th Queen's Own Hussars, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eve, of Crockham Hill, Kent, married Miss Betty V. Rank, only daughter of Mr. J. V. Rank, of Ouborough, Godstone, Surrey, and of Mrs. Hutton, of Nassau, Bahamas



Wakefield — Lawrence

Capt. Sydney B. Wakefield, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Wakefield, of Kirby Muxloe, Leicestershire, married Miss Joan Lawrence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Lawrence, of Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, at St. Bartholomew's, Kirby Muxloe



Borthwick — Fryer

Mr. Brian T. Borthwick, younger son of the Hon. William and Mrs. Borthwick, of Brancaster Staithe, Norfolk, married Miss Jennifer R. Fryer, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. E. R. M. Fryer, of Selborne, Hampshire, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Weldon — Anderson

Major F. W. C. Weldon, M.B.E., M.C., R.A., elder son of the late Mr. W. L. Weldon, LL.M., and of Mrs. Herring Cooper, of Shaftesbury, Dorset, married Miss Diana G. Anderson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Anderson, of Straloch by Blairgowrie, Perthshire



Dunford Wood — Elliott

Lt. Colin Dunford Wood, D.F.C., 13th Frontier Force Rifles, son of the late Mr. J. Dunford Wood and of Mrs. Dunford Wood, of St. Ives, married Miss Angela Elliott, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Elliott, of Stokenchurch, Bucks



Aylmer — Buckingham

Major Stuart Aylmer, Gordon Highlanders, son of the late Major G. Aylmer, M.C., and of Mrs. Buchanan, of Monte Carlo, married Miss Pauline Buchanan, daughter of the late Sir Henry Buckingham, C.B.E., M.P., and of Lady Buckingham, of Seale Lodge, Seale, Surrey



Stephen — Lloyd

Major J. F. Stephen, R.A., son of the late Mr. W. Stephen and of Mrs. Stephen, married Miss Florence M. Lloyd, only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Lloyd, and niece and adopted daughter of Mrs. Harrington-Browne, of Blandford, Dorset

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**Jean
Lorimer's
Page**

Photograph
by Anthony Buckley



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ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing **BOOKS**

(Continued from page 23)

trouble set on foot by the escape of Steerpike, a rebellious apprentice, from the Great Kitchen—that “steaming, airless concentration of ghastly heat.” Steerpike, though born without a single natural advantage (as so many dictators are), may be recognized as the dictator in embryo. From a fugitive, with every man’s hand against him, he blossoms out into a master of callow cunning, fastening on every crack in the ancient façade, battenning on everyone’s weaknesses. The Ladies Cora and Clarice, owing to their perpetual state of umbrage, prove a most useful rung in the Steerpike ladder. Against the Steerpike intrigue stand out, only, Fuchsia, the as yet unconscious Titus, and addled old Nurse Slagg.

Titus Groan is not likely to have a purely neutral effect on any reader: this book must be either rejoiced in or disliked. The very first page should show a red light to those who shy off the unusual. In fact, I predict for a Titus a smallish but fervent public, composed of those whose imaginations are complementary to Mr. Peake’s. Such a public will probably renew itself, and probably enlarge, with each generation: for which reason I hope the book may always be kept in print. On its distinguished production, the publishers are to be congratulated.

“The Girls”

WHAT, I heard someone asking the other day, has become of the *geniality* that used to be such a feature of Irish writing? Latterly, Irish novels have tended to be angry and dire; or, if not, at any rate in a minor key. There is, of course, always a certain amount of “stage Irish” fiction, whose noisy unauthenticity and total lack of relation to what goes on has long offended the Irish and is, I hope, beginning to bore the British. But are we to have nothing more in the great Somerville and Ross tradition—at once funny and true? Having just read *Sallypark* (Longmans, 9s. 6d.) I feel more inclined than I once did to give a cheerful answer. *Sallypark*’s author, Miss Margaret Hasset, extends the Somerville and Ross terrain. I do not mean she goes hunting in the Flurry Knox country—incidentally, there are no horses or hunting in *Sallypark*. Nor would I call her either pupil or echo of the great pair who gave us the *Irish R.M.* and *The Real Charlotte*: that her spirit should be sometimes akin to theirs does not make it less soundly her own. She lingers in households and social scenes from which, in our following of the R.M.’s trail, we have often been tantalizingly snatched away.

In the Irish countryside, two worlds lie alongside: that of the (generally Protestant) landed gentry, and that of the (generally Catholic) middle class. Somerville and Ross belong to, and write mainly about, the first—permitting themselves only brilliant flying excursions into the second. Miss Hasset is of a generation to which the rigidities of “belonging” need no longer apply; but she unmistakably knows well, and writes with palpable authenticity about, the second world. The Hartes of *Sallypark*, Co. Cork, and their vast system of relatives, represent just those households with whom our R.M.—generally owing to the fortunes of the hunt—found himself in excruciating if fleeting predicaments.

We have Dr. Harte of *Sallypark* and his three daughters, “the girls,” seen through the eyes of a visiting, young, half-English cousin. Dr. Harte is that incorrigible masculine *prima donna* with whom all who know Ireland become familiar. He is, to put it mildly, against his daughters marrying; and a succession of breathless intrigues ensue. These, if somewhat damped down by a lengthy visit from Uncle Pius, a monk, are vigorously supported by Aunt Bona—Sister Bonaventure, of St. Joseph’s Convent in the town of Clonmore. (Incidentally, visits to the convent provide much at once charming and seemly comedy.) Francie, Pansy and Vervaleen Harte, ranging in age from the mid-twenties into the thirties, are winners. And no less engaging are a supporting cast headed by Babe O’Mara, of the bungalow “Souvenir,” Kerry, and the awful Miss Delia Ring, on holiday from governing in Spain. . . . If *Sallypark* does not travel far I shall be surprised.



Peter de Polnay,
Hungarian Novelist

“The Umbrella Thorn,” latest novel of Mr. Peter de Polnay is reviewed on pages 22 and 23. Mr. Polnay, son of the late Count Eugene de Polnay, is the author of several well-known works including “Death and Tomorrow,” “Water on the Steps,” and “Two Mirrors.” In 1942 he married Mrs. Margaret Parkinson Smith, daughter of the late Sir Reginald Mitchell Banks, K.C.

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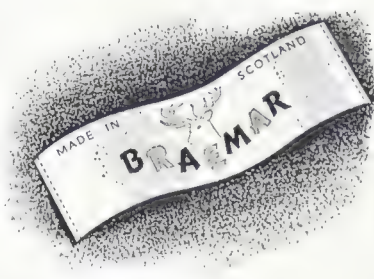
Spectator

BY
WALLACE



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Twirly Birds

THE other day I wrote about the use of express motor roads for linking main airports with the centres of the cities they serve. Not long after I heard from a member of the American helicopter pilots' association which goes by the delightful name of the "Twirly Birds," saying that I must have forgotten about the helicopter. He argued that the right vehicle for doing the terminal communications of an air line was the helicopter. The chief points are that its speed is slightly higher than that of an express train or a fast motor vehicle using a special motor road; that it takes the direct route and that it is the right size.

Helicopter taxis, each taking from five to ten people, could distribute the passengers from a large air liner with high efficiency provided the landing platforms were available. My correspondent has certainly not read my earlier comments on this matter; for I have always admitted that the helicopter and the landing platform could, between them, provide the ideal form of terminal communications for long distance air lines. The only reason that has compelled me more recently to advocate the express motor road is the uncertainty about the rate of helicopter development.

Land or Air Taxis

IT is admitted that helicopters have been making remarkable progress in the United States. They have been flying faster, higher and with larger loads than ever before. The control problems are being sorted out. But the machines that are on the market are still few and they are extremely expensive. The prices will come down, but how long it will be before it will be possible to advocate landing platforms and helicopters as a practical scheme remains to be seen. Meanwhile, motor vehicles are fully developed. The Germans and the Italians have shown that high speed motor roads are not beyond the powers of modern highway engineers. So the immediately practical solution still seems to be the high speed motor road with the high speed motor vehicle.

All the same, I sympathize with my correspondent to a large extent. I would like to see the Ministry of Civil Aviation taking a bold gamble and deciding to establish large London airports at fifty, sixty or seventy miles from the centre of the city and then pressing forward with helicopter development. Helicopter landing platforms could be dotted about over the roofs of London, and the machines would be able to average seventy or eighty miles an hour for the final trip. They would distribute the air liner passengers expeditiously.

Research

WHEN the Air Estimates were introduced in Parliament we had rather more information than during the war years, but still not enough. For instance, it was said that a fairly large sum would be spent on research. Are we going to ask what kind of research, or is this to be one of the new secrets? If, for example, the Government determined to make the helicopter work, it could almost certainly do it. Nearly all the development work in the United States has been done by private enterprise. Government effort always lags behind. But now that the really difficult part of the pioneer work has been done by the private enterprises, surely the Government might step in and, by drawing on its apparently unlimited resources, complete the work.

Some years ago a British Government gambled on the large rigid airship. The gamble failed. The airships did not do what they were expected to do. But the merit of the attempt is not the less. To gamble on the helicopter would be less risky and might bring bigger returns. I would like to see a programme of research on the grand scale. It might not only be useful to aeronautics at large; but it might also solve the most difficult of all the problems of air transport; the problem of terminal communications.

Airports

IT is good to see the private companies continuing their programmes of development. The Government, by announcing its plans to nationalize everything, has done all it can to put them off further work. Yet we hear still of plans for creating new airports and new air transport organizations.

Airwork Limited—a firm for which I shall always retain a special affection, owing to the fine work it did in the early days—tell me that they have bought Scone Aerodrome, Perth, with a view to developing their interests in Scotland still further. The purchase price, they say, was £54,500. During the war Scone aerodrome was the base for one of the three Elementary Flying Training Schools which Airwork operated for the Royal Air Force. The company trained more than 25,000 pilots. Now the purchase of Scone is the first step in the development of Airwork's peace-time plans for North Britain.

Brazil

THE demonstration flight made by Mr. James Mollison from this country to Brazil was a complete success. The Percival Proctor earned high praise wherever it went. And the criticism that the flight, with a trip of 1,940 miles over the ocean, was not really valid. Mollison points out that the statistics of operation of Gipsy engines show that the risks were negligible. If we have full confidence in our products, we have confidence enough in them to let them go on their demonstration tours by air. I must say that the argument seems to me to be cogent.



Squadron Leader James North, the senior resident anaesthetist at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, recently married Miss Steinunn Elizabeth Jonsdottir, of Reykjavik, Iceland. She is the daughter of the secretary of the Icelandic Lifeboat Association. The bride and bridegroom are reading a telegram of congratulations from the President of Iceland





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PREBENDARY CARLILE MEMORIAL FUND

to provide a new and up-to-date Church Army Training College.

Friends wishing to present a Purse (£20), either personally or by nomination, should write at once. The Church Army will be glad to receive promises or gifts, which will be held until the day.

Purses of larger amounts are also invited. Communities, Parishes, Clubs and other organisations may also wish to take part.

Please write to:—

The Rev. Prebendary Hubert H. Treacher, General Secretary and Head, Church Army Headquarters, 55 Bryanston St., London, W.1.

10/164

All the best



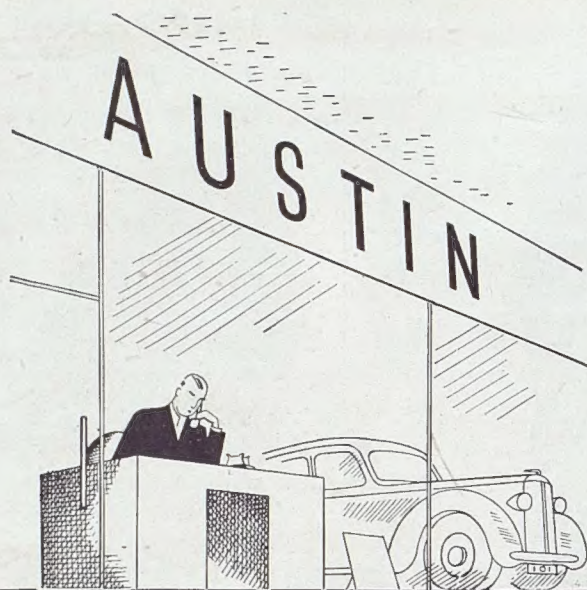
Here's hoping for quite a number of things, including fewer restrictions and more Old Angus—one of life's many amenities made scarce by war. A timely request for Old Angus is sometimes rewarded.

A NOBLE SCOTCH
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OLD ANGUS

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A cup of 'Ovaltine' is very simple to prepare. When made with milk it has, owing to its special properties, the important advantage of rendering the milk much more digestible and assimilable, as well as more palatable. For this reason 'Ovaltine' has proved an outstanding factor in extending the consumption of milk—particularly among children—and its concentrated nourishment increases the nutritive value of milk to the greatest possible degree. Remember also that 'Ovaltine' is recognised by leading hospitals as a valuable stand-by in cases of difficult feeding.



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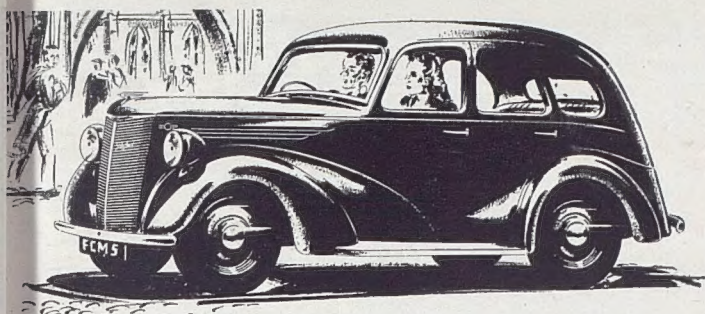


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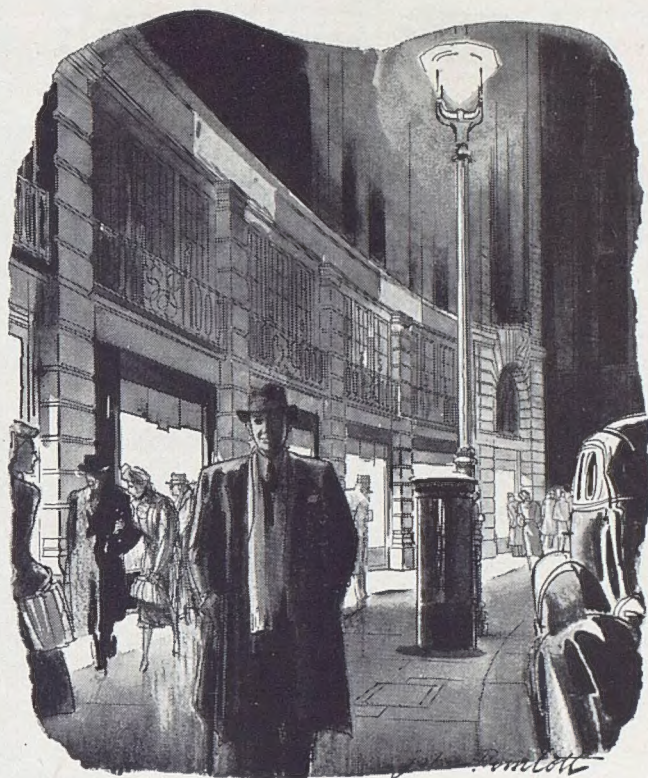
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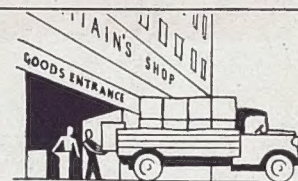
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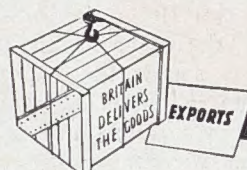
A serious subject simply explained



1 To build our prosperity we require many raw materials from abroad. To pay for these we must send British goods overseas. Then with the materials our ships bring home, we can speed British Industry.



2 We want goods in plenty—for ourselves as well as for our export customers. But, exports come first. Otherwise we shall not get the imports which our industries must have to get going full speed ahead.



3 Our export trade suffered much during the war. *Today we must go all out to expand it.* The less we, ourselves, buy at home... the more we sell abroad... the sooner shall we have lasting prosperity.



HERE'S WHERE WE ALL COME IN

4 Let's back Britain's prosperity drive! Let's spend as little as we can... Save as much as we can. We'll be doing ourselves a good turn... helping Britain's exports to bring us home prosperity.

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